



CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hathorn
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
The Centaur Company, New York City.

We are asked the question by a noted divine in the east, "Can an editor live a consistent Christian life?" We don't know the object of the inquiry, but we argue that the man who asks the question never read a newspaper for three consecutive days. We wouldn't trust even the editor of an agricultural paper with our hat to hold while we spoke at a convention. Newspaper editing is a profession that requires a peculiar sort of men. They must not be handicapped.

Mr. George Lake of Pine Hill meets up with Mr. Tom White of Lone Jack, and both draw and begin shooting. Twelve bullets fired and a dog killed. Then they embrace and proceed to the nearest saloon, and the 200 men who have gathered to see the fun walk away with tears of shame and humiliation rolling down their cheeks. Is Arizona Arizona no longer? Is it owing to the sun spots? Are we becoming a race of fish worms?

During the quarter ending June 1 over 600 bullets were fired into the front doors of the city hall by cow-boys and others. The city has now two barrels of flattened bullets which have been dug out of the doors and is prepared to claim that it has the richest lead mine in the world. Keep it up, boys. It doesn't hurt the door any.

Always in the Lead.

During the terrible days of 1864, when every available man was being sent to re-enforce Grant's army, a single company of raw recruits arrived from a thinly populated district in Vermont. It was first ordered into action in one of the battles of the Wilderness, and the captain felt called upon to make a speech to his men.

"Soldiers," he began, "we are now going against the enemy. When the orders are given to fire do your best and kill all you can with the forty rounds of ammunition you have. When you have fired it all away you had better retreat. I am a little lame, so I am going to start now."

Both on the Way.

Mamma had sent little Bessie to the pantry to fetch some sticky fly paper. She was gone a long time, and finally the mother called:

"Bessie, hurry with the fly paper. Have you got it?"

There was a pause, and then this in an earnest tone:

"No, mamma, the fly paper's got me. But—we're both coming!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Talented.



He—What a lovely complexion Miss Pinkleish has!
She—Yes. That girl's a born artist.
—New York Mail.

The Usual Fit.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the polar bear. "What's that terrible row going on over there?"
The walrus looked bored. "Oh," he yawned, "the seal's wife found a moth on her."—New York Press.

A Broad Hint.

Husband—My friend hardly recognized you today.
Wife—That's strange, for I wore the same hat you bought for me three years ago.—Fleegende Blatter.

Generally Busy.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is an idio theory?
Pa—There is no such thing, my son. Every man or woman who has a theory keeps it working overtime.—Chicago News.

A Stickler For Correctness.

"You say," said the city editor, "that he walked forth from the grim walls of the prison a free man."
"Yes, sir," answered the reporter.
"Well, he didn't. His wife was with him."

Investigative.

"Miss Alice, are you rich?"
"Why, little Tom?"
"Cause Uncle Tom goes with you all the time, an' I heard him say he was so laxy that he'd have to marry a rich girl."

Dictum of Science.

"Doctor, is there not a certain scientific justification for the command of etiquette not to eat pie with a knife?"
"Oh, assuredly! It would be far better for a person to eat only the knife."

As the Storm Gathered.

He—My dear, I wish you would remember—er—
She—Well, remember what?
He—That originally woman was merely a side issue.—Brooklyn Life.

No Such Luck.

"Do you think the Japs will take the Philippines?"
"No. The Japs are in no mood to accommodate us just now."—Baltimore American.

A LOVER WHO LOST.

The Trouble Was That His Rival Proved More Entertaining.

"Just my infernal luck!" growled one of our most eligible bachelors as he threw himself on a couch and looked daggers at his closest male friend, as though he were the dispenser of fate. "If a fellow wants to get married and fulfill his proper destiny in life, fortune trips him up and makes a fool of him. You know that I've popped to three or four girls, and in every case I've been just too late. You may put it down now that if I ever marry a woman she will do the proposing and make all the preliminary arrangements."

"Scored another failure?"
"Yes; lost by an eyebrow, as usual. You recall that divine creature I pointed out to you from the club window the other day? That little Raddins and I have both been sweet on her—rivals, I suppose you would say. I called where she is visiting early last evening to put my fate to the test. While I was screwing my courage up to the sticking point and trying to separate her from the other people there she was called by one of the servants. She came back looking so rosy and sweet that I pushed matters, piloted her to a side veranda and told her, with all the gush and sentimentality of some callow youth, how I loved her, how I could not live without her. She never looked more beautiful than when she told me how sorry she was to enslave me, but she had just accepted Mr. Raddins by telephone. It was to talk with him that she had been called by the servant. I stammered my way to the back door and out of the house the best I could. The impudent little rascal! He knew I was going there, for I told him myself, and I went early for the express purpose of heading him off. No other man would have had the cold nerve to propose by telephone. If any girl wants me after this, she knows where to find me."—Detroit Free Press.

Brief, but Forceful.

Colonel Z. was colonel of a volunteer regiment in the war of '61. He was zealous and enthusiastic and unsurpassed as a drillmaster, but his knowledge of the manual was occasionally at fault. He always knew what to do, but sometimes his orders were more in the spirit than the form of military commands—as, for instance, this: "Out of one line into two lines, Git!"

On one occasion his command came during a long march to a stone fence. Here was a dilemma—no laying it down, as they could a rail fence; nothing in the manual about stone fences. Colonel Z. did not hesitate long. Clear and firm came the word of command: "Pickand this side the fence—form on the other side—forward, march!"—Woman's Home Companion.

An Artist.



"Coming out with flying colors."—New York World.

Neutral.

Parson Bagster (severely)—Looky yuh, Brudder Bing! What's dis I hears about yo' beatin' yo' wife in dat radical manner?

Brother Bing—Dar wasn't nothin' radical 'bout de epporady, pabson. I was noutral wid de lady—dese noutral. Parson Bagster—Humph! What does yo' mean by "noutral," sah?

Brother Bing—W'y, I dess slapped her dis-uh-way and den I slapped her dat-uh-way, den dis-uh-way and den dat-uh-way, and so on. Dat's what I means, sah.—Puck.

Foreign Born.

English Girl—I hear you've been visiting the States. What did you think of the native American?
Englishman—I didn't meet any. I spent all my time in New York.—Harper's Weekly.

Done to a Turn.

"Tottie Twinkletons got every cent of Cholly's money before she threw him over."
"Yes. She said she believed that a thing worth doing at all was worth doing well."

Looking For Evidence.

Teaspoon—Why are you so angry at the doctor?
Mrs. Teaspoon—When I told him I had a terribly tired feeling, he told me to show him my tongue.

Paradoxical Help.

Prospective Angel—How, my dear Miss Starczare, can I help to advance your progress steadily in your art?
Star (coyly)—By giving me constant checks.

The Plural.

A boy being asked what was the plural of penny very promptly replied, "Tropence."—Tit-Bits.

PLAN TO GUARD PUBLIC CASH.

C. B. Kegley, master of the Washington State Grange, is calling especial attention to a movement started at the last session of the grange to secure a uniform and accurate accounting of the collection and expenditure of all public money.

The campaign is designed to be general, and it is expected that the question will become a leading issue all over the United States in the next two years. Its object is to reduce public business to the same basis of careful conduct as private enterprise. An amendment to the state constitution will be necessary. The resolution follows:

"Whereas, All money collected from the people by the local, state and national governments by taxation and other means should be expended and accounted for with as much care and thrift as all good citizens expend and account for their private incomes; and
"Be it resolved, That the following provision on the subject of uniform public accounting be made a part of the constitution of the state of Washington, and that the members of all local granges and all good citizens generally throughout the state be and are hereby requested and urged to interest themselves in securing this result:

"The legislature shall require all money collected by taxation or by fees, fines and public charges of every kind to be accounted for by a system of accounting that shall be uniform for each class of accounts, state or local, which shall be prescribed and audited by authority of the state.—Spokane (Washington) Press, June 12, 1907.

A Medical Examination.

It was during an oral examination at a medical college. As the examination proceeded the student who was being questioned got warmer and warmer, and the sweat broke out over his forehead.

"What would you do to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration," at length asked the examiner, "if you had tried the ordinary drugs without effect?"
"Send him here to be examined," replied the student without a moment's hesitation. "If that doesn't do it there's nothing that would."

INEQUALITY UNDER A UNIFORM TAX RATE.

Money, bonds, mortgages and other securities, if assessed at all, must be assessed at their full value. Real estate is assessed at not more than 60 per cent of full value. When the rate is 2½ per cent this means that every \$1,000 in money, etc., must pay a tax of \$22.50, and every \$1,000 in real estate will pay a tax of only \$15, thus making the burden on money, etc., 50 per cent more than on real estate. This is why tax laws are evaded.

AUGUST COAL

There is quite an advantage in securing your supply of winter coal early.

In the first place you avoid any raise in price that is so apt to occur later in the season. Then you get dry coal which means a great saving to you, besides getting your bin filled without damage to your lawn. There are many advantages. Let's talk it over.

MOSIER & RHOADS

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HER REASON.

She always met my ardent looks With ill concealed disdain And wouldn't share my cash when caught.
One morning in the rain, But all at once her freezing air Dissolved in sunny smiles. She danced with me and drove with me And spread for me her wiles.

My looks may be a trifle thin, My mustache slightly gray, But still my heart is twenty-one, Romantic, light and gay. She pinned a rosebud in my coat. I kept it, dry and brown, And I began to think I ought To wed and settle down.

On opera, dinners, books and flowers My money dwindled fast Until that calculating wench Enticed my eye at last. "It's been so good of you," she said, "To entertain me, when, Elsewhere I have been snubbed, I can't Go out with younger men."
—Minna Irving in Lippincott's.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Kissing is the only real impediment of the speech.
No man expects anybody else to believe half the bad he tells about himself.

A woman would never be as happy if she thought her husband took as good care of himself when she was away.

Fortune may knock at every man's door, but he goes around first to the ones that have "at home" notices hung out.

A man may really expect to be an angel and have wings, but he doesn't spend near as much time as his wife thinking how nice it will be.—New York Press.

TAXING CREDITS.

In his remarks at the state tax commission meeting, Mr. Berthick, (Master of the Ohio State Grange), alluded to the fact, that at Mt. Vernon and Bellefontaine the savings bank deposits earned 3 per cent and the tax rate was 4. A tax system that requires such a payment is grievously unjust. A great deal of this business is not so bad, but it is bad enough to turn the state into a community of law violators and false swearers.

It is a calamity that this abuse should remain another year. The harm done in one year will outweigh all the benefit of the taxation for a century. Laws that do not conduce to honor and justice are uncivilized and unchristian.

Mr. Chamberlain, of The Ohio Farmer, spoke to some effect on the tax proposition. He made a number of excellent suggestions, and upon the

matter now referred to, he said: "Amend the constitution to permit levying a tax of one-quarter or one-half of 1 per cent on the value of all evidence of indebtedness and require all such evidence to be listed to be legal." There is a sensible suggestion, and it has been tried in other states with success.

One thing is sure, it will collect more money than the present system does, and it will save the state from disgracing itself. The people are not aware of the enormity of the offense against the true principles of taxation and legislation now being perpetrated under the present system. Of all devices planned against the prosperity of a people, that which aims at their integrity is the most fatal.—Ohio State Journal.

A Change.

Haus—I hear dot darn little dog 'yours is dead. Vell, I s'pose it is a change for the better."
"Doodleshaft—No, it ain't. It was a change for the worst."—New York Journal.

Calls.

Footie Lighte—Did he get a call last night?
Miss Sue Brette—Yes, several.
"Curtain calls!"
"No; catcalls!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Stay at Home.

Let others go and suffocate in chambers six by nine. Those lurid nights a hammock strong Upon the roof is fine. While broiling on a sandy beach Some foolish folks may please, I much prefer with book and pipe At home to take my ease.

You're welcome to your morning dip Within the rolling dunes Where crabs are fastened to your toes And crabs around you creep. My tub of pure white porcelain, As clean as clean can be, With sparkling shower bath attached, Is good enough for me.

I have a glass of something cool And musical with ice, And yet I do not have to pay A dollar wrecking price—What's that you say? To pack my things, You've got a pass for two. Of course I'll go and spend a month Beside the briny blue.—Minna Irving in New York Press.

The Transplanet Limited.

"What in creation is all that noise?" gasped the startled passenger on the big airship.
"Just growls," laughed the sky pilot. "You see, we just passed the dog star."—Detroit Tribune.

WHO WANTS A HILL?

The Arizona Kicker Has One He Wants to Sell.

HIGH MOUNTAIN, LOW PRICE.

Editor Refutes Chicago Charge—He is Not a Gaffer Because There is Nothing to Graft—Esteemed Contemporary a Poor Shot.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parrells.]
Any one wanting a mountain 1,500 feet high to sit on during the heated season will please address this office. We have one for sale cheap. We got it by advertising a forty rod whisky before the pure food law came into operation.

A Chicago paper charges us with being at the head of the grafters in this territory. Bless your soul, but there hasn't been enough graft in Arizona in the last five years to buy food for an old crow. We are all honest because we have to be.

A year ago ex-Judge Scott entered the Kicker office bent on our destruction. After he had fired five shots at us we shot his left ear off and drove



"WE SHOT HIS LEFT EAR OFF," him out. The ear has been in a jar of alcohol ever since, and the other day the judge began suit against us to recover the souvenir. He wants to stuff it on and see if it won't grow. To the straight shooter belongs the spoils, and we'll fight the thing clear to the highest court.

Our esteemed contemporary insists that he fired six shots at us as we were coming home from a poker party last Tuesday night and that if we had given him six more chances he could have dropped us. Sorry for him, poor old chap! But is it ever to be thus?

Not as editor, postmaster, deputy United States marshal or mayor of Cheadan Gulch, but as plain Jim Hell-so, we rode our horse in a race over at Lone Pine the other day and scooped in \$100 in cash to buy silk undershirts for such members of congress as are not owned by any trust and must practice economy.

Some critter who didn't have time to sign his name writes us from Santa Fe that he will arrive in this town in about two weeks and shoot six redhot bullets into our despicable carcass. Good! Things are going a little slow, and we'd like a change. Kick open the

door of our sanctum and come right in.

A party named "Bull" Williams, who was hanging around the Gulch three or four months ago and who refused to let the vigilance committee hang him gently by the neck, went off to Utah and was lynched the other day by an excited mob. How few men know what's good for 'em!

Several letters have reached us asking us to define our position, editorially, as to the next presidential candidate. Not by a jugful! We are holding three government positions, and we don't propose to lose them by coming out now and yawning for some particular man who may not come within gunshot of securing the nomination. We wish the country well, but we wish ourself better.

The air of Arizona is bracing, and the territory is full of grand scenery, but if we were a stranger to the people we should neither take the air nor view the scenery from an auto. Our people as a people can't get used to anything going on four wheels. It's a four legged country. Come on a cayuse and you will find a hospitable welcome.

At the last meeting of the common council City Marshal Day offered his resignation, and the same was accepted. He had served four months, and during that time was wounded five times. He thinks he got too many bullets for the salary received. Any good two handed shooter who wants a steady income of \$12 per week will address or apply to us as mayor. In case of death he will be buried at the expense of the city.

We got an idea the other day that the mail from Pine Valley ought to be expedited, and we rode out on the trail for seven miles and then turned in behind the leading mail rider and began yelling and shooting. It was a success. The mail was expedited by a full half hour, and the carrier rode into the Gulch to claim that a gang of five highway robbers had tried to hold him up. It is such little incidents as this that endeavor us to the heart of the postmaster general and bring all petitions for our removal to naught.

We were coming back from Lone Jack the other day in something of a hurry, being mounted on our piebald broncho, when, at the crossing of Dog creek, a road agent tried to hold us up. We told him we'd see him later and galloped on, and he put two bullets through our hat and turned away. It may console him to learn that the amount of cash on hand at that time was just 15 cents.

Since we have ceased lying about our circulation our health and spirits have improved 50 per cent, and all have noticed a great and agreeable change in us. We haven't an ache or pain and go around with a grin on our phiz and a song in our heart. It was an awful burden on our back to keep lying from week to week, claiming a circulation of several millions when we had less than a thousand, and we are glad to roll it off. Let other editors try it. They will be astonished at the results.

The Chicago man who arrived here two weeks ago to set up a retail shop for the sale of trust beef and who was hiding in the hills two days after has reached Utah and made a statement in the newspapers. He denounces us as a set of cannibals and barbarians. Well, we have our little frailties, and one of them is a lack of love for anything in the shape of trusts. If religion was a trust we'd have the devil here to beat it if it cost us a hundred dollars a day.

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